

The happy Meeting of King William and Queen Mary, at his Return from and after his Conquest in Ireland.



What Pen can write the smallest part, or thing,
Of the Heroick Actions of our King?
None did Heaven apply a Remedy more fit
To cure the Irish, than did that Victory hit,
At the River Boyne, in Ireland,
Which his Passage with his Sword in's Hand:

In midst of Bulls flying, God directs
One for to touch, not hurt, whom God protects.
The Victory's gained, the French and Irish run,
Forlaking Dublin the Metropolitan,
Where the oppressed did wait, and silence keep;
For God had lull'd there Enemies asleep;

Who when they wak'd, shook with their trembling rage,
Yet wanted skill or Courage to engage;
Some wanted Hearts, some wanted Wills to obey,
Some they had both, yet fled in Troops away.
The French-men shook, bafe Fear there Hearts subdu'd;
They even fled too, when no Man pursu'd:

Forsook of God, of Courage quite bereft,
Scarce of this mighty Host a handfull left;
Like great Goliath, when he fell he cri'd,
Had these not done so too, they had surely buri'd.
What matters Force, remember Gideon's Flail,
The Majesty God sends forth he will prevail.

And God hath brought him back to us again,
And to the Enjoyment of his Royal Queen.
Consider then, and gratefully repay
Those that have saved your Lives, when bleeding lay,
When Laws and Liberties were torn away:

If not like those that grudge the King their Prayers,
You are Betrayers of your selves and Heirs,
This King preserv'd our Throats, and sav'd our Laws,
Which the late King had doom'd to serve the Cause,
Let Plagues his Popish Foes to ruine bring,
Whilst we support, ay, and defend the King.